

Buffalo, Nov. 13, 1872.

My dear Gray:

I feel deeply, for the suffering
that the great calamity so near
you has produced. We know,
indeed, that good springs from
evil, and that only God can
strike the balances & ~~say~~ deter-
mine whether more good or
evil ^{in the present & in the near future}, springs ~~in~~ political, econo-
mic, moral & religious, springs
from such dread blows at
the present. That Boston will
rise superior to this awful
occurrence, and be more
splendid and prosperous &
safe than ever, we know as
certainly as we can know
anything that lies in hereafter.

But all such reflections yield
but feeble consolation. It is the
misery that is at our door, &
that dogs our customary steps,
and enters into our houses, that
wings our hearts & forbids all
thought of the future. May
God, if you do indirectly
bear a share of this vast
grief, console you. It will
relieve me very much to
hear that this misery does
not involve in it directly any
one to whom is specially near
or dear to you, or to your
admirable wife. - to whom
please present my warmest
regards. Believe me

Most truly yours,

H. W. Johnston.

A. Gray.